

OCTOBER No. 57

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# BLACKHAWK

SLAVERY IN  
SIBERIA

A TRUE WAR  
EXPOSÉ







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LOOK: CONSTANTLY KEPT UP TO DATE



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☐ MOST LOVED HYMNS  
or  
☐ HILL BILLY HITS

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The Little White  
Cloud That Cried  
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Anytime  
Jealousy  
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Silver and Gold  
Wandering  
Bunch of South-  
ers Sunshine  
You Old Toad  
The Woodard  
It Is No Secret  
May the Good Lord  
Bless and Keep  
You  
Give Me More  
Music, More  
Music! Mama  
From Memphis



Baby, We're Really  
in Love  
Men, Good Luckin'  
Alabama Jubilee  
Always Late  
O'ry's Heart Blues  
Someday's Even  
Gotta' My Time  
Slow Poke  
Let Old Mother  
Nature Have  
Her Way  
Glad Heart  
Man and God's  
Willie

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Soldiers  
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Have in Jesus  
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Breeze  
Faith of Our Fathers  
In the Morning  
Rock of Ages  
The Lord's Prayer  
The Lord's Prayer  
The Lord's Prayer



Trust in Me  
Jesus Keep Me Near  
Only and Tenderly  
Dear Lord and Father  
of All  
A Wonderful  
Son of My Son  
It Is No Secret  
What the Lord  
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His People  
The Lord's Prayer  
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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

**T**HIS IS THE STORY OF THE MOST HARROWING ADVENTURE OF THE BLACKHAWKS...AND FROM IT COMES THE BITTER TRUTH ABOUT COMMUNIST LABOR CAMPS! WITH POLITICAL PRISONERS, THE BLACKHAWKS SEE HOW THE KREMLIN HAS BETRAYED THE PEOPLE, AND INSTEAD MAKES THEM VICTIMS OF OVERWORK, PARALYZING COLD AND TORTUROUS HUNGER! HERE WE TEAR ASIDE THE IRON CURTAIN AND EXPOSE THE SHOCKING CONDITIONS OF...

## **SLAVERY IN SIBERIA!**





# BLACKHAWK

Prologue... THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL SAY THIS EXPOSE ACTUALLY BEGINS IN THE DEMOCRACY OF KALDAS, AS THE LOCAL COMMUNISTS CAMPAIGN FOR ELECTION!



...THE CAPITALISTS MAKE UP TALES OF SLAVE LABOR CAMPS IN SIBERIA WHERE THEY TELL YOU PRISONERS ARE STARVED AND BEATEN! LIES! ALL LIES!

THERE ARE ONLY EDUCATION CAMPS, WHERE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARIES ARE WELL HOUSED AND FED! THERE THEY ARE TAUGHT BY BOOKS AND TEACHERS TO UNDERSTAND COMMUNISM HELPS MANKIND!



CAN THIS BE SO?

PER- HAPS! PERHAPS!

AND ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD, THE BLACKHAWKS LISTEN WITH GROWING DIS- GUST!



"EDUCATION" CAMPS! HOW CAN PEOPLE SWALLOW SUCH DOUBLE-TALK?

IF ONLY PEOPLE KNEW ZE TRUTH, EVEN COMMUNIST SYMPATHIZERS WOULD TURN AGAINST ZE PARTY!

BUT MANY OTHERS SAY THIS ADVENTURE ACTUALLY BEGINS DAYS LATER, AS THE BLACKHAWKS JOIN THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES ON THE FIGHTING FRONT!



SIR, THE REDS ARE USING THE FOG FOR COVER! THEY'RE TRYING TO RETAKE HEARTACHE HILL!

WE'VE PAID DEARLY WITH LIVES TO TAKE HILL 368! WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THEIR ATTACK, BLACKHAWK!

IT'S CEILING ZERO! WITH THIS BLASTED FOG ROLLING IN OUR JET PLANES ARE OF NO USE!



THEN WE'LL FIGHT ON LAND, CHUCK! WE KNOW HOW TO MAN A CANNON, DON'T WE? LET'S GIVE OUR JOES SOME HELP!

SOON AFTER, ON BLOODY HEARTACHE HILL...



FIRE! KEEP LOBBING THOSE SHELLS, GANG!

YUMPIN' YIMINY! FOG SO THICK WB HAVE TO SHOOT BLIND!

BUT UNDER COVER OF THE FOG, THE RED FORCES INFILTRATE THROUGH THE THIN DEFENSE LINES AND ATTACK IN OVER- WHELMING NUMBERS!



HEY! THE GOONS ARE INSIDE!

I'M HIT!



# BLACKHAWK



BUT,  
LIKE  
EVIL  
CREATURES  
SPAWNED  
BY THE  
FOG,  
ENEMY  
REINFORCE-  
MENTS  
COME TO  
SWARM  
OVER THE  
HEROIC  
BLACK-  
HAWKS!





# BLACKHAWK



THEIR BELTS CONTAIN TINY RADIOS! REMOVE THEM! ALSO EMPTY THEIR COAT BUTTONS! THEY ARE HOLLOW AND CONTAIN CONCENTRATED FOOD TABLETS!

YOU MUST HAVE DONE A LOT OF RESEARCH ON US!



LATER... A SCENE OF HORROR! PRISONERS HERDED LIKE BEASTS INTO CATTLE CARS!

MY BABY! WHO WILL CARE FOR MY BABY?

WHY AM I BEING PUNISHED? EVEN AT MY TRIAL THEY DID NOT TELL ME!

DAVA! BYSTREY! BYSTREY! GET GOING! FASTER! FASTER!



FOR DAYS THE TRAIN TRAVELS NORTH, WHILE IN THE CRAMMED CATTLE CARS THE UNFORTUNATES SUFFER FROM HUNGER AND THIRST!

WATER! WE'VE NOT HAD WATER FOR DAYS!

WATER!

WATER!

LISTEN TO THEM WAIL! HA! HA!

CAMP HOLYMA IN SIBERIA, WHERE THE LOWEST TEMPERATURES HAVE BEEN RECORDED! IN WINTER, THE TEMPERATURE DROPS TO 94° BELOW ZERO AND EVEN LOWER!



MALE PRISONERS SHALL OCCUPY THOSE BARRACKS! MARCH!

EEEE! THE COLD CUTS LIKE A KNIFE!



YOUR FOOD! DO NOT EXPECT LUXURIES HERE!

FOOD? A CUT OF BREAD AND SOME WATERY SOUP? AND THAT COMMIE IN KALDAS SPOKE OF PRISONERS BEING WELL HOUSED AND WELL FED!



CAMP COMMANDER IVAN NIKISHOV!

ON YOUR FEET, SWINE! HERE ARE YOUR WORKING ORDERS! YOU SHALL CUT TIMBER 12 HOURS A DAY IN THE FOREST...



EACH PRISONER WILL GET MORE OR LESS FOOD ACCORDING TO HIS QUOTA OF WORK! THE PRISONER WHO DOES NOT FULFILL THE QUOTA SHALL GET EVEN LESS THAN WAS JUST SERVED!



FROM DAWN TO DARKNESS, SLAVE LABOR FULFILLS THE KREMLIN'S DEMAND FOR TIMBER!

THE COMMUNISTS CLAIMED THEY FREED THE MASSES! WHAT BUNK! NOT EVEN THE CZAR ENSLAVED MILLIONS IN LABOR CAMPS!

PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE FORCED LABOR IS THE PROP OF SOVIET ECONOMY! WITHOUT IT THE COMMUNIST STATE WOULD COLLAPSE!



AND AT THE END OF EACH ARDUOUS WORKDAY THE EXHAUSTED LABORERS RECEIVE "NOURISHMENT"!

NO SOUP FOR YOU! ONLY BREAD YOU DID NOT FULFILL YOUR QUOTA!

BUT I'M SO WEAK FROM LACK OF FOOD! UNLESS I HAVE FOOD TO BUILD UP MY STRENGTH I CAN NEVER MEET THE QUOTA!



THEN, OLD FOOL, YOU ARE CAUGHT IN A VICIOUS CYCLE! EVENTUALLY YOU MUST STARVE TO DEATH! HO! HO!

THE INHUMAN DEVIL!

ACH DU LIEBER!



MEN! THIS HAS TAUGHT ME SOMETHING! WE'RE GETTING WEAKER EVERY DAY! WE CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER! WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE SOON... WHILE WE'RE STILL STRONG ENOUGH TO GO THE DISTANCE!



BUT HOW? WE HAVE NO WEAPONS... NOT EVEN A KNIFE!

A KNIFE IS WHAT WE NEED... BUT NOT TO USE AS A WEAPON! I'VE A PLAN! IT WILL MEAN TROUBLE... BUT IT'S A CHANCE WE MUST TAKE! NOW LISTEN!



NEXT MORNING! AS THE PRISONERS ARE LED FROM THE BARRACKS, SUDDENLY THE BLACK-HAWKS CHARGE!

NOW, MEN... HIT 'EM HARD! HAWKA-AA!

CHOP CHOP ALREADY GOT GUARD PICKED OUT FOR POKING!



LOOK WHO I GOT! THE RAT WHO REFUSED TO GIVE THE OLD MAN MORE FOOD! I'M GONNA ENJOY THIS!

BY YIMINY, WE MAKE THESE REDS BLACK AND BLUE!





# BLACKHAWK



THERE'S WHAT I CAME FOR... ONE OF THOSE CANS OF GASOLINE! GOT TO GET ONE OUT AND UNDER OUR BARRACKS WINDOW!



JUST AS SOON AS I GET THIS CAN CACHED UNDER THE SNOW, I'LL GET BACK IN THE FIGHT BEFORE THE GUARDS COME LOOKING FOR ME!



TRYING TO SET UP A MACHINE-GUN, COMRADE? DON'T BE SO BLOOD-THIRSTY!



THEN, MORE GUARDS SWARM FORWARD, OVERWHELMING THE RIOTING BLACK-HAWKS BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS!

CLUB THEM DOWN! CRACK THEIR SKULLS! AND TIE THEIR LEADER TO A POST! HE'LL SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT I DO TO TROUBLE-MAKERS!



GRIMLY, THE BLACKHAWKS WATCH THEIR LEADER TAKE THE SAVAGE LASHING SILENTLY!

SO! NO CRY OF PAIN FROM YOU YET, EH? WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH LONGER YOU WILL BE SILENT!



HAVE YOU NO FEELINGS? HE MUST FEEL THE PAIN... HE MUST... HE MUST!

ATTABOY, BLACKHAWK! SHOW HIM YOU CAN TAKE IT!



BAH! THE SWINE HAS FAINTED! TAKE HIM TO HIS BARRACKS!

HA! IN SPITE OF ZE WHIP, BLACKHAWK EMERGED A VICTOR FROM HIS BATTLE OF WILLS!



# BLACKHAWK



ACH! YOUR POOR BACK!

FORGET IT! WHAT MATTERS IS THAT OUR STAGED RIOT ACCOMPLISHED ITS PURPOSE! I GOT A GASOLINE CAN CACHED! DID ONE OF YOU MANAGE TO GET A KNIFE?



BEHOLD! I SLID ZIS OUT OF ONE GUARD'S SHEATH! ZE IDIOT WILL BELIEVE IT CAME LOOSE IN ZE FIGHT AND WAS TRAMPLED UNDER ZE SNOW!

THAT'LL GIVE US TWO KNIVES TO WORK WITH!

GREAT! WE CAN BREAK THAT LONG BLADE IN HALF AND



WE CAN CUT THESE BUNK BOARDS INTO KEELS AND MASTS!

UND VE CAN USE THESE COVERS FOR SAILS!

TWO WEEKS PASS AS THE BLACK-HAWKS WORK SECRETLY ON THEIR ESCAPE PLAN, AND THEN FINALLY...



OBSERVE, BLACKHAWK! ZE STRONG WIND BENDS THE BRANCHES IN A DIRECTION AWAY FROM ZE CAMP!

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, GANG! EVERY-THING'S READY...

AND THE WIND IS RIGHT! WE'RE MOVING OUT TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT, BLACK-HAWK CARE-FULLY POKES A BRANCH THROUGH THE WINDOW BARS AND INTO THE SNOW, FISH-ING FOR THE CACHED GASOLINE CAN!



I'VE HOOKED IT! HERE IT COMES!



YOU OTHER PRISONERS HERE REALIZE YOUR HELPING US ESCAPE MAY MEAN PUNISHMENT, PERHAPS DEATH, FOR YOU?

FOR MOST OF US, DEATH IS OUR ONLY ESCAPE, BLACK-HAWK! IF WE DIE SO THAT YOU LIVE ON TO FIGHT THE KREMLIN, THEN WE DIE HAPPILY



I HAVE BEEN A SLAVE LABORER TEN YEARS! ON THESE PAPERS I'VE PUT THE TERROR I'VE SEEN! SHOW THEM TO THE PEOPLE OF MY HOMETOWN... SO THEY MAY KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT RED FASCISM!



# BLACKHAWK

THIS PIPELINE WILL CARRY GASOLINE THROUGH EVERY HOUSE IN THE CAMP! LET'S HAVE A MATCH, ANDRE!



INSTANTS LATER, FLAMING GASOLINE RACES THROUGH THE PIPES AND ERUPTS IN A MASS OF GASEOUS BLAZE!



THE CONFUSION MOUNTS, AS ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE PRISONERS CRASH OUT AND ATTACK THE GUARDS!



IT IS TRUE HEROISM! ZEY BRAVE DEATH SO WE MAY HAVE COVER!

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN MAKE IT UP TO THEM IS BY MAKING THIS ESCAPE COME OFF RIGHT!



NGGG!

QUIET, COMRADE.. OR I'LL MAKE YOURS A PERMANENT SLEEP!



NOW THE BLACKHAWK STRATEGY IS REALIZED.. FOR THE WATCH-TOWER IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE CAMP FENCE TO PROVIDE ESCAPE!

HIT THE DIRT, GANG!



THE BLACKHAWKS ARE ESCAPING! CALL OUT THE DOGS!





TO THE BLACKHAWKS THERE SOON COMES THE BAYING OF WOLF-HOUNDS IN SWIFT PURSUIT...

THE HOUNDS HAVE PICKED UP OUR SCENT! WE'RE IN FOR IT, NOW!

NOT YET! I SAVED A LITTLE GASOLINE FOR THIS EMERGENCY! YOU'LL SEE THE RESULTS AFTER I DUMP THE GASOLINE ON THIS LOG!

OWOOO! OWOOO!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DOGS?

IT...IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THEY'VE LOST THE SCENT!



HOW COME YOU STOPPED THOSE HOUNDS BY POURING GASOLINE ON OUR TRAIL?

IF YOU TAKE A WHIFF OF GASOLINE, IT KILLS YOUR SENSE OF SMELL TEMPORARILY! BEFORE THOSE HOUNDS CAN PICK UP OUR SCENT AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO GET OUT OF THESE WOODS!



AND THE BLACKHAWKS FINALLY CROSS INTO THE OPEN...

ACH! DER CAMP COMMANDER... COMING FAST IN A SKIMOBILE!

IT'S WHAT WE PREPARED FOR! TIME TO GET OUR GEAR ASSEMBLED, MEN!



SWIFTLY, SAILS OF WOVEN STRAW, AND NOTCHED KEELS AND MASTS ARE FITTED TOGETHER... TO FORM THE SECRET PROJECT THE BLACKHAWKS HAD WORKED ON FOR WEEKS!

SHOVE OFF, MEN! LET'S GET THE WIND BEHIND OUR SKI-SLEDS!



THEY'RE DRAWING AWAY FROM US! PUT ON MORE SPEED! I'LL GET THE MEDAL OF STALIN FOR THE GUARD WHO KILLS BLACKHAWK!



SUDDENLY, THE PURSUED BLACKHAWK MANEUVERS HIS SKI-SLED UNTIL IT HURTLES AT THE ONCOMING SKIMOBILE!

NOW, CHOP CHOP... JUMP!

OOHH! GOLLIES!



# BLACKHAWK



## Epilogue!

OUR STORY DOES NOT END HERE... FOR DAYS LATER BLACKHAWK GAVE TO KALDAS THE LEGACY OF THE OLD PRISONER!







# Uncle BERNIE'S FUN SHOP ORDER TODAY at our LOW PRICES!



- ▶ IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- ▶ BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM
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When built, assembled and set! Then you yourself the LITTLE BANDIT. This machine is not only a game machine, but also a toy. The whole unit is a portable game set. In actual size, around 10" high. It's a game machine, made of sturdy, molded plastic, built-in assembly. But instructions and game suggestions are included.

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• HE'S OVER 18" TALL!  
• WEARS HIS HAT, ARMS AND BOOTS!  
• REAL COWBOY OUTFITS!  
His kids—here's your chance to become a master cowboy! He's a great cowboy who can make HAPPY the COWBOY really talk! On your own voice, of course! Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY! I should have been real—he looks-logged up in a cowboy hat, wears his good shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—ask what! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage.) **Remit with order, we pay postage!**



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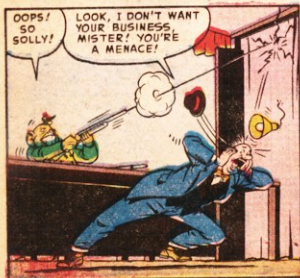
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# CHOP CHOP













# BLACKHAWK

A LULL SETTLED ALONG THE BATTLEFRONT! ACROSS A TWO HUNDRED MILE EXpanse THE ROAR OF CANNON DIED TO A WHISPER, AND THE BLACKHAWKS WAITED WITH BATED BREATH FOR NEWS OF A TRUCE! WAS THERE TO BE PEACE? OR WAS THIS LULL MERELY THE SIGNAL FOR A NEW, AND FEARFUL ONSLAUGHT, LED BY THE TERRIBLE TERMITE TANKS!



AT THE FAMED CITADEL OF SCIENCE, FELLOW SCIENTISTS PASS VERDICT UPON ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS' INVENTIONS!

I'M SORRY, DARKSON! YOUR IDEA IS DARING, BUT IMPRACTICAL! WE CANNOT ALLOT THE NECESSARY FUNDS FOR FURTHER EXPERIMENTS.

BUT...



NO SENSE IN ARGUING, DARKSON! YOU KNOW THAT THE JUDGMENT OF OUR SCIENTIST'S JURY IS FINAL IN THESE CASES!

YES, SIR! BUT I STILL FEEL YOU'RE WRONG! MY INVENTION WOULD BE A GREAT AID IN THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM!







A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

BLACKHAWK, WE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT DARKSON AND TWO OTHERS TOOK OFF IN A PLANE FROM A OUR PRIVATE AIRFIELD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THE WORST THAT POSSIBLY COULD HAPPEN!



DARKSON'S BEEN KIDNAPED, AND HIS PRECIOUS BLUEPRINTS HAVE GONE WITH HIM! OUR ENEMIES HAVE PULLED OFF A SPECTACULAR COUP... WITHIN THE CITADEL OF SCIENCE!

INCREDIBLE!



WEEKS PASS WITH NO WORD FROM THE MISSING SCIENTIST, DARKSON! AND THEN, ONE DAY, THE BLACKHAWKS VISIT A HILLTOP FORTRESS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA!



THE ENEMY HAS BEEN QUIET, LATELY, BLACKHAWK! TOO QUIET!

THE TRUCE TALKS HAVE FAILED! THE ENEMY DOES NOT REALLY WANT PEACE! YET WHY DOESN'T HE ATTACK?

A FRONTAL ATTACK ON YOUR FORT WOULD BE COSTLY!



AY BAN THINK THAT IS THE REASON, COMMANDER! HE MUST TAKE DAS FORT TO BREAK THROUGH THE LINE! AND DAS FORT BAN NEARLY INVULNERABLE TO ATTACK!

LISTEN...



HEAR THAT RUMBLING SOUND? IT'S... HEY!

YUMPIN' YIMINY! EARTH-QUAKE!



THEN...



WRONG, OLAF! THIS EARTHQUAKE IS MAN-MADE!

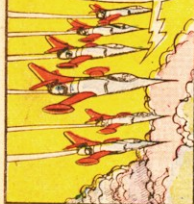


# BLACKHAWK



THE TERMITE TANKS ARE DARKSON'S INVENTION! I WONDER HOW HE FEELS... NOW THAT THEY'RE BEING USED TO HELP DESTROY THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!

AND, INDEED, THIS IS A BITTER HOUR FOR DARKSON! SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!



YOUR TERMITE TANKS HAVE PROVEN THEIR WORTH! WITH THE AID OF YOUR INVENTION, OUR ARMIES WILL SWEEP BACK THE DEMOCRACIES!

DID YOU SUMMON ME HERE TO GLOAT OVER ME?



NOT ENTIRELY! YOU WILL BROADCAST OUR SURRENDER DEMAND TO THE ALLIED GENERALS! WHEN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT YOUR TANK CAN DO, THEY WILL REALIZE THAT RESISTANCE IS USELESS!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

OUR STATION IS ON THE AIR! YOU MAY BEGIN READING FROM THE PREPARED SCRIPT, DARKSON!

FRIENDS AND ALLIES...



I'VE BEEN ASKED TO DEMAND YOUR SURRENDER... BUT I WON'T DO IT! LISTEN, FRIENDS OF FREEDOM! **THE TERMITE TANKS CAN BE BEATEN!**



I'VE FIGURED OUT A METHOD! MINE-DETECTORS AND... WHHH!

CUT US OFF THE AIR! QUICKLY!



HE TRIED TO BETRAY US! FOR THAT, HE WILL DIE!

THESE DEMOCRATIC SWINE NEVER KNOW WHEN THEIR CAUSE IS LOST!



MEANWHILE...

I WONDER WHAT DARKSON WAS TRYING TO TELL US WHEN THEY CUT HIM OFF THE AIR?

BY GOLLY, HE'S RIGHT! MINES ARE PART OF THE ANSWER! AND I THINK I CAN GUESS THE REST!





# BLACKHAWK

THE TERMITE TANKS WERE REPORTED TO BE ADVANCING UPON THE CAPITAL CITY OF HUNGJON! WE'LL NEED A COUPLE OF JEEPS EQUIPPED WITH MINE DETECTORS! AND WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



SOON AFTERWARD, NOT FAR FROM HUNGJON...

BY GAR! DAS MINE DETECTOR SAYS WE BAN GOING RIGHT OVER TOP OF A MINE FIELD!

CLICK!  
CLICK!



MINE GIVES A POSITIVE READING TOO!

VY AREN'T VE BLOWN UP BY DAS MINES? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BLACKHAWK!

THERE ARE NO MINES HERE! THE MINE DETECTORS GIVE EVIDENCE OF A MASS OF METAL BELOW GROUND!

CLICK!  
CLICK!



MON DIEU! ZE TERMITE TANKS!

RIGHT, ANDRE! THEY'RE MOVING ALONG SOMEWHERE BENEATH US... TOWARD HUNGJON! WE'VE GOT TO SET UP A TRAP, DIRECTLY ACROSS THEIR PATH!



NEAR HUNGJON...

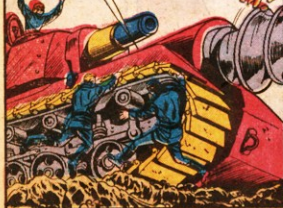
NOM DE NOM! ZE MINES EXPLODE!

WE SOWED THAT MINE FIELD IN THE NICK OF TIME! THE TERMITES ARE RUNNING HEAD ON INTO IT!



ONE OF THE TANKS SURRENDERED! TAKE CHARGE, GANG!

**BAROOM!**



JUDGING BY THOSE EXPLOSIONS, BLACKHAWK, THIS IS THE ONLY TANK LEFT!

PLANTING LAND MINES IN THEIR PATH PROVED TO BE THE ANSWER! BUT THE ENEMY DOESN'T KNOW IT YET! MAYBE WE CAN COOK UP A SURPRISE FOR THEM WITH THIS BABY!

**BAROOM!  
BAROOM!**



As  
THE FIRST  
GREY  
LIGHT OF  
DAWN  
ILLUMINES  
THE COURT-  
YARD OF  
THE ENEMY  
PRISON  
WHERE  
DARKSON  
IS HELD  
CAPTIVE...



BY NOW, HUNGJON  
HAS FALLEN TO OUR  
FORCES! YOU WILL DIE,  
DARKSON, IN THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
OUR TRIUMPH!

READY... AIM... WHAT IS  
THAT NOISE?



R-RUMBLE!

EEEEHH! ONE OF THE  
TERMITES RETURNED! IT'S  
ATTACKING US!



KRUNCH!

OUT OF THE CAPTURED TANK SWARM THE BLACKHAWKS!



HAWKAAA!

AND THE ISSUE OF BATTLE IS  
SOON RESOLVED!

NOW I KNOW  
WHY YOU ARE  
CALLED THE FINEST  
GROUP OF FIGHTING  
MEN ON EARTH!

SOME  
PRETTY GOOD  
FIGHTING MEN WILL  
BE COMING ALONG ANY  
MINUTE! THE ALLIED  
ARMIES ARE MOVING  
UP SINCE THE ROUT  
OF THE TERMITE  
TANKS!



IT'S A TREMENDOUS  
VICTORY, DARKSON!  
AND WE OWE IT TO  
YOU! YOU GAVE US THE  
CLUE WE NEEDED TO  
COMBAT THE  
TANKS!

I HAD PLENTY OF TIME  
TO THINK ABOUT IT,  
IN THE DUNGEON!  
MY INVENTION  
ISN'T SUCH A  
FEARFUL WEAPON,  
AFTER ALL!



BUT, IN A WAY, IT  
HELPED TO WIN  
THE PEACE! NOW  
THAT THEIR SECRET  
WEAPON HAS  
FAILED, THE TYRANTS  
WILL BE FORCED TO  
SIGN A REAL AND  
LASTING TRUCE!

AND WE'LL  
MAKE SURE  
THEY KEEP  
IT!



As THE BLACKHAWKS  
WING HOMEWARD  
AGAIN...

WHEN THE GUNS HAVE  
CEASED TO ROAR  
WE'LL ONLY FIGHT FOR  
PEACE SOME MORE..  
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!





# ESCAPE *at* DAWN

"HIT the silk, Linc," shouted the pilot, and Linc Johnson jumped. He made the interminable drop before pulling the cord, and the camouflaged chute sprang open with a sharp crack as the wind gushed into it. Linc looked up to see the plane making a run for the border, a few scant miles back. He heard the ack ack guns go off and hoped that the game pilot had made it to safety.

A cold chill ran over him as he glided down through the night, aiming for the red earth of the satellite nation below. The events of the past weeks went through his mind in fast sequence. Linc Johnson was a newspaperman and so was Martin Rhodes. And they were pals. At least they had been, until Martie was slapped into prison as an espionage agent, in this Commie country. The same, stupid charges were hurled at him that had been tossed at other thinking men in a country of mental stagnation. However, Martie had made friends in the satellite underground before he was imprisoned and somehow, somehow, they had contrived to get him out. Now it was Linc's job, with the help of the underground, to get the emaciated Martie back over the border to safety. He was too weak to travel alone. The country was in an uproar since Martie's escape, and citizens suspected of underground activities were being picked up by the hundreds. Then Linc made contact and volunteered to get in, get Martie, and get out of the country in record time. If he was successful, a few lives other than Martie's could be saved, if not—

Linc made a smooth landing and hurriedly buried the chute before he located the road and set off at a fast clip into the nearby town. There, in the chapel of the darkened church, he was met by the gnarled, little man who silently led him down into the rooms below.

Linc was shocked at his first sight of Martie. He was lying on a cot in a fitful sleep. "He's aged twenty years," gasped Linc, as he stared at him. "He's been through the tortures of the damned," replied the old man. "But here is Natja, she will give you the plan. I must get back above." The door had opened to admit a darkly clad woman, her head hidden in a shawl. Linc's eyes popped when she tossed the shawl aside. She was a gorgeous blonde and she looked furious. "Mr. Johnson," she snapped, "Your plane was heard and already the secret police are scouring the area. We've got to move even faster than we had planned." "Listen, baby," exploded Linc, "all planes have motors. Did you think I was winging in on the back of a vulture?" Her eyes snapped as she replied, "Your pilot should have glided in to drop you and then started his motors about two miles beyond the town. Then it would have taken them time to discover that someone had been dropped here." She went over to Martie and shook him gently. "Martin," she said tenderly, "you must waken. Your friend is here and the time is short." Martie opened his eyes and looked up at the lovely Natja before he spotted Linc. "Hi, Linc," he said weakly, "you sure stick your neck out for a pal." "You'll have time to talk of friendship, if you live to reach the border," cut in Natja, grimly. "Now, here is the plan."

She outlined a daring dash to the border by car. A mile from the small border crossing the two men, disguised as farmers, would be transferred

to a wagon full of hay and drawn by one horse. "You must get over the border without speaking, since neither of you know enough of the language to fool the guards. They are shrewd and are always on the watch for trouble. Not one of them has ever joined the underground. She handed each of them a small, worn booklet, bearing several official stamps. "These will provide your identification. The state stamps are up to date as of today. Pray that they will pave the way to your safe deliverance."

Thirty minutes later, Martie and Linc were in the small car, bumping along in the dark. The little, old man was driving and he didn't say a word until they reached a small farmhouse, set back off the road. There, the two men quickly changed into farmer's clothes and were about to leave when a loud banging sounded on the door. The old man took the message and hurried back to the men. "Your parachute has been discovered," he said to Linc. "They are preparing an order for a new stamp on all identification papers, it will come over the radio soon." "Where does that leave us?" asked Linc. The old man shook his head sadly. "You must reach the border before the radio orders go out. We could never get this latest stamp. It is too late to hope for more."

Linc handled the reins on the wagon and Martie, hunched down beside him, seemed to be swallowed up by his clothes. "Hold on a while longer, Martie, we'll make it yet," Linc said, with a heartiness he didn't feel. Martie didn't answer. The sun was rising as they rounded the bend, the sentry house at the border came into sight and the two stiffly marching guards tramped back and forth in front of the pole gate that lay between the newsmen and freedom. Linc could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Had the radio warned the guards that new stamps must be on all identification? "If so, can Martie make it over the border, if I have to put up a fight?" mused Linc. He looked at Martie, he was asleep. No, he was unconscious. Passed out! Linc's mouth went dry.

The old horse clumped to a stop. One guard was in the sentry house, evidently eating breakfast. The second guard approached Linc, grimly. Just then the sound of the radio spouting early morning static, came out of the shack. The guard leaned out and pointed back to the radio, he shouted to his comrade. Linc heard the announcement. It told of the foreign criminal who had entered the country secretly. The snarling voice continued, "It is believed that this man is aiding in the escape of the infamous espionage agent, Martin Rhodes," continued the voice. The guard's hand went out, his eyes first on Linc's face, then on Martie's. He asked, "Asleep?" Linc nodded a numb affirmative. He came alive to wrest the papers from Martie's pocket, and along with his own, handed them to the guard. Behind him, the radio repeated its warning. The guard looked at the booklets carefully, turning them over several times. Then he raised his eyes searchingly to Linc's. Linc couldn't breathe. He watched, in a trance, as the guard slowly walked over and raised the bar across the road. He motioned them forward. Linc flicked the reins, the wagon lumbered ahead. He turned when they reached the sign that meant freedom. The guard raised his hand in salute.

# BLACKHAWK

When the lion-hearted Blackhawks pit their strength against men of evil, the enemy tremble in their boots! But what chance have these heroic defenders of justice when the foe is not human, but a fiendish device of warped scientific minds? How can the Blackhaws defend the helpless inhabitants of the **PARALYZED CITY OF ARMORED MEN?**



**ELECTRIFYING NEWS SHOCKS THE BLACKHAWKS INTO ACTION!**

OUR REPUBLIC IS PARALYZED! ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED MONSTERS OF STEEL HAVE PARALYZED OUR CAPITAL CITY! PLEASE...

BLACKHAWK ...

ARGHHH!

I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! THAT'S NIGEL DEREK, PRESIDENT OF BORGAVIA!

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S IN REAL TROUBLE! LET'S GO, MEN!

BUT I'M OVERHAULING MY ENGINE! IT'LL TAKE ANOTHER HOUR TO GET THAT JET IN FLYING CONDITION!



WE CAN'T WAIT, CHUCK! FOLLOW US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

HAWK-AA!





# BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK



*BUT AS THE DISARMED BLACKHAWKS ARE LED TO IMPRISONMENT, A HEARTENING ROAR IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE!*





# BLACKHAWK

LEAVING  
THE NOW  
POWER-  
LESS  
ARMORED  
MAN ON THE  
AIRSTrip,  
THE  
BLACKHAWKS  
RUSH INTO  
THE  
TERMINAL  
BUILDING!

WE'LL PROBABLY  
NEED THE GUNS  
THOSE THUGS  
DROPPED WHEN  
CHUCK BUZZED  
THE FIELD!

BY YUMPIN' YIMMINY,  
DEY WAS SCARED  
LIKE YACKRABBITS!



NO SIGN OF GALUB OR  
THE OTHERS IN HERE!

DONNERWETTER!  
LOOK!



IT'S PRESIDENT  
DEREK! THE  
DIRTY...!

BORGAVIAN  
NATIONAL  
AIRWAYS

BLACKHAWK!  
I...KNEW  
YOU WOULDN'T  
LET ME DOWN!



YOU'VE BEEN  
BEATEN!  
WHO...?

GALUB! HE WAS CHIEF ENGINEER  
FOR THE DAM THAT SUPPLIES  
BORGAVIA WITH ELECTRICAL  
POWER! HE...SOLD OUT TO  
COMMUNIST TRAITORS  
A FEW MONTHS AGO!



HE RIGGED UP  
THE ELECTRICAL  
ARMORED  
SUIT TO  
TERRIFY  
THE PEOPLE?

TO TAKE HOLD OF  
THE GOVERN-  
MENT! THE CITY  
IS SWARMING  
WITH HIS IRON-  
CLAD  
HOODLUMS!



THE ELECTRICAL  
POWER IS  
CONTROLLED  
FROM A BOARD  
IN...THIS  
BUILDING!

WE CAN'T  
FIGHT THE  
ARMORED  
MEN! OUR  
ONLY CHANCE  
IS TO GET AT  
THE CONTROL  
BOARD!



IN...THE  
TOWER!

VOT ARE VE  
WAITING FOR?







# BLACKHAWK

THE BLACKHAWKS, JOINED BY CHUCK, MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE DAM!

GALUB AND HIS RED RATS ARE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT! OLAF... CHOP CHOP, HENDRICKSON, STAY COVERED AND KEEP FIRING AT THAT TOWER!

WHAT DO THE REST OF US DO, BLACK-HAWK?



AND CHUCK SOON FINDS OUT!

SEE THAT BEND IN THE RIVER BELOW US? WE LAND THERE ON PONTOONS, OUT OF SIGHT!

I GET THE BIT! THEN WE DO A LITTLE HIGH-CLASS INFILTRATING, RIGHT?



AND WHILE THEIR COMRADES KEEP THE ENEMY BUSY!

QUIET, MEN! THEY'LL NEVER EXPECT COMPANY FROM THE BACK OF THE DAM!

THEY GET SURPRISE GREETING FROM MY FIST!



IT'S A TRAP!

YOU BET IT IS, BUSTER!



HELP YOURSELVES, BOYS! ONE'S AS ROTTEN AS THE NEXT!

YOU FORGOT TO WEAR TIN-CAN SUIT, EH?

LOOK, MES AMIS! NO HANDS!

OOOF!



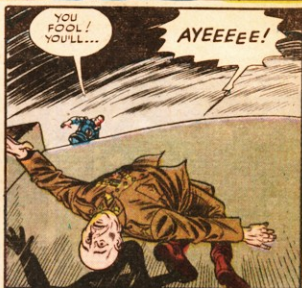
AND IN FRONT OF THE DAM!

LOOK, BY YUMPIN' YIMMINY! VE MISSING GOOD FIGHT!

WOULD BE MORE HAPPY IF WE GET IN HONOLABLE SCLAP, TOO!



# BLACKHAWK





**DATE CHANGES  
AUTOMATICALLY  
EVERY DAY**

CHANGES  
MATICALLY  
DAY

Amazing Swiss Invention!

**CHRONOGRAPH  
& CALENDAR**

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**Money-Back Guarantee**

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127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.



**TIMES HORSES**



## TIMES PLANES



**TIMES AUTOS**



TIMES SPORTS I

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**25 Quality Features**  
**LOOK!**

**LOOK!**  
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- Chronograph, Tachometer and Telemeter Dials
- Sweep Second Hand
- Thin but rugged case
- Window Calendar
- 2 Push Buttons
- Nite-Glow Numbers
- Unbreakable Crystal
- Flex-O-Matic Band

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Exclusive of parts! Never a charge for  
FULL INSTRUCTIONS

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# FREE!

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All for only  
**\$2.98**

Beautifully  
Tailored in  
Sizes from  
3 to 10

INCLUDING ALL THESE  
GIFTS AT NO EXTRA COST  
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Wild West  
SINGING LARIAT  
"Hums as You Twist It"



GOLD COLORED  
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DEPUTY SHERIFF  
5-STAR BADGE



Never Before—Never Again  
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— 2 COWGIRL @ \$5.99  
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

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